

# THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

By G. W. Kingsbury.

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## Popular Reading.

### THE DEATH WARRANT.

Anthony Martel was a brave young soldier as ever bore arms on the battle-field. He was an almost universal favorite in his regiment. He loved his country, and a maiden, Cadeline, who was considered the prettiest in Visselle, and many were the hearts that beat with love and joy when the fair Cadeline turned her beautiful eyes upon them, and returned their salutations with a winning smile. There was not a brave soldier in the whole regiment, but would have been proud to shed his last drop of blood to avenge an insult to the bright star of Visselle. Many were they who worshipped at her shrine, but there was only one that received any return to his passion, and he was the gallant Anthony Martel.

The Colonel of the regiment to which he belonged, was a man of violent passion, insolent and overbearing in the extreme to his subordinates; and was as universally hated as Martel was loved.

On several occasions he had made infamous proposals to Cadeline, which she had resented with scorn, but still he became importunate, until finding himself baffled in all his endeavors, he determined to adopt a new procedure, hoping to be more successful in his designs. Accordingly he called on Cadeline when she was alone, and made an apology for his former rudeness, and asked her forgiveness, which was readily given, presuming that he would trouble her no farther, but in this she was disappointed; for he immediately made new overtures of love to her, promising if she would listen to his suit he would lead her with presents, and also make her his lawful bride. But all these flattering inducements had no effect upon her, for she was true to her first love.

"Consider, Cadeline, my rank and station, and then your position would be higher than the proudest lady in our village; besides, you shall have the attendants and all the luxury and refinement that wealth can furnish."

"Ah, Colonel Lavillier, what would all those gifts be without the heart?" said Cadeline.

"You would soon learn to love me," said the Colonel.

"No, Colonel, we can never love but once."

"Then why not love me?"

"Because I already love another."

"Indeed my fair charmer," said the Colonel ironically, "may I be permitted to know the name of the gallant?"

"Anthony Martel," was the innocent reply.

"What a common soldier—a hireling for a rival! My Heaven!" he exclaimed in a terrible passion, "unless you instantly accept my suit, and reject the beggarly churl, I will have him shot like a dog for audacious presumption, and I will give you but a moment to decide his fate."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Cadeline, "he is guilty of no crime; he has never injured you."

"Has he not dared to supplant a Colonel in the French army, and he is only a soldier?"

"Nay, Colonel Lavillier, I loved him ere I saw you. He is generous, noble and would injure no one."

"Do not lose time in idle words; consent to be mine, or ere the morning sun has risen, his heart shall cease to beat!"

"Oh, Heavens! spare him," said Cadeline in anguish.

"You plead in vain."

"Give me but a single day to decide."

"Not an hour."

At this moment a majestic form cast its shadow in the outer doorway, but it was observed by neither of the persons within the room, so absorbed were they in their own affairs. Stepping aside so as to be unseen, the stranger remained a spectator of all.

"I implore you to let me speak to Anthony before I give you an answer."

"Not a word to him; therefore instantly consent to become my wife or sign the death warrant of Martel."

"Inhuman monster! I would rather die a thousand deaths than be your wife—even if you were the proud Emperor of France. Anthony fears not death, and he would rather give away his life than have me prove false to him."

"Mad girl! you are in my power, and I will use you as I please, since you have so insultingly spoken."

"Never!"

"Dare you defy me to my face? Thus, then, let me prove my words by snatching a breath of the sweet fragrance of your scornful lips."

And clasp his arms around the form of Cadeline, Lavillier endeavored to put his threat into execution.

"Help, mercy!" exclaimed she.

At this moment the report of a pistol in the hands of the stranger we have before mentioned, was heard, and the bullet shattered the arm of the aggressor, rendering him powerless. But whence the shot came both were unable to tell, for no sooner was the weapon discharged than the deliverer disappeared, and Anthony Martel rushed into the room by another door. Observing the wild appearance of Cadeline, breaking from the arms of the Colonel, in an instant he divined the whole, and with a powerful blow he laid the intruder at his feet.

By this time, the report of firearms had brought a detachment of soldiers to the spot, who, on entering the room, were immediately ordered to arrest Anthony, for attempting to murder his superior officer. In vain Cadeline protested his innocence—they put him under strong guard.

On the following morning an unusual activity among the officers told that something of more than ordinary importance was to take place, as each one hastened to the quarters of the commandant. Though a court martial is not a very unusual thing, yet it is sufficiently rare to attract great attention in a camp.

Soon the quick roll of the drum told that the court had convened, and was ready to try a criminal. Within a spacious tent were gathered a large number of officers in full uniform. Seated on a raised platform was Gen. Lovick, acting as the judge. Another roll of the drum announced the prisoner.

"Of what is this man charged?" asked the judge.

"For attempting to destroy the life of his superior officer, Colonel Lavillier," said the advocate.

"And where is the accuser?" continued the court.

"Here, may it please your excellency," replied the Colonel, whose arm was done up in a sling.

"How came Martel to attempt your life?"

"I know not," said Lavillier.

"What provoked the insult?"

"A conversation with a young girl with whom the prisoner is acquainted."

"Is that all?"

"It is, your excellency."

After a short conversation with the other officers, the Judge turned to the prisoner and addressed him:

"Anthony Martel, you have been found guilty of an attempt to murder a superior officer of the French Army, the punishment of which is death. What have you to say that you should not suffer the extreme penalty of the law which you have offended?"

Martel, who stood as though unconscious till now, raised his manly form; he bent his eye searchingly upon the Colonel, and said in a firm voice:

"Your excellency, I am aware that any violation which I may make, will be of no avail, but, being permitted, I will speak the truth, that my fellow soldiers may know that I die innocent of the charge brought up against me. I did not fire upon Colonel Lavillier, and had no weapon when arrested. At the moment I entered the dwelling of Cadeline, I found her struggling in his arms. I stopped not to inquire his rank, but struck him with my doubled fist to the floor. This is all I have done, and had it been the Emperor himself in his palace, I would have done likewise. For the duty of the true soldier is to protect the innocent and defenceless. I am willing to die—but my death will not go unavenged, for the grass will not have covered my grave before my comrades shall have found the heart of my murderer, for there is not one that will shrink when the hour comes. I am ready—pass your sentence."

"Martel, your language does not become a man who is on the threshold of eternity."

"Truth becomes a man at all times," replied Lavillier.

Col. Lavillier, during the time the prisoner was speaking, seemed greatly excited, and turned pale; he knew that Martel was a great favorite in the regiment, and he knew that his own life was in danger.

"Anthony Martel," said the Judge, "the sentence of the court is, that you die tomorrow at sun-rise, and that you be shot by twelve of your comrades."

Again the roll of the drum told that the case had been decided, and they were about to conduct the prisoner to his quarters, when a young girl rushed past the guard into the tent, and prostrating herself at the feet of the presiding officers, exclaimed:

"He is innocent! spare him! he did not shoot Col. Lavillier."

As the tears flowed down her beautiful face, every heart was touched with pity save one. He stood unmoved by her applications. The Judge informed her that it was impossible for him to alter the sentence of the court, and that the only hope that was left her was in Col. Lavillier, who was the injured party, who had power to ask for his pardon or recommend him to mercy.

In vain Cadeline pleaded with him; he was inexorable, and she was borne senseless from the tent.

On the following morning, a little before sunrise, some soldiers were busily engaged in placing red flags at short intervals on a beautiful plain not far from the camp. No sooner had this been accomplished than the sound of a muffled drum and a band playing the dead march was heard. A company of soldiers drew near, accompanied by a large number of officers, who came to witness the punishment of death. Anthony Martel was walking with a firm step to meet his doom! Arriving at the spot designated for him to die, he was calm and unmoved at the approaching crisis. Twelve of his fellow-soldiers were brought into line. Every movement showed their unwillingness to perform the odious duty which had been assigned to them.

All being arranged, the commandant walked up to Martel, and taking him by the hand he shook it warmly. Bidding him farewell, he gave him permission to address his companions in arms. This mark of kindness moved the condemned man, and a tear started to his eye; but luckily, regaining his composure, he addressed those who were about to lay him low in death.

"Comrades, I have come here to die like a man and a soldier; I am guilty of no crime; I have never dishonored my country or my regiment; I have fought by your side in the thickest of the battle, when the guns of the enemy poured hot lead into our ranks and swept our brave countrymen like chaff before the whirlwind. But you can all affirm that I did not quail or falter when the grim monster stared me in the face. And should I tremble now when I am to die by the hands of my beloved comrades? No! I consider it an honor, and the last sound that will ever greet my ears will be the glorious dying music of your own true guns as I fall. I know that you will not suffer my ashes to remain unavenged. Let not your hands tremble, but with a firm, steady aim, level your pieces at my breast, when I give the word fire, for I would have the mark of every man, if you love me. Comrades, farewell, and may we all meet where the warrior rests from his battles and his victories."

The soldiers brought their pieces to their shoulders, but stopped suddenly as the frantic Cadeline rushed into the arms of her lover.

"Oh, Anthony! Anthony! you must not die; Colonel Lavillier will have mercy; he cannot be so cruel as to murder you."

"Cadeline, there is no hope. I am prepared to die, but this meeting unnerves me. I could have wished you had been spared this scene, but calm yourself and do not weep when I am gone. You will not want for defenders, for my regiment will go hard with him who dares to offer an insult, Cadeline, be his rank what it may."

"Commandant," said Colonel Lavillier in an impatient tone, "it is past the time ordered for the execution; separate them, and perform your duty."

With great difficulty Cadeline was torn from the embrace of Martel.

The word *ready* was given and quickly followed by the second command *aim*, and the third and last fatal word, *fire*, was on the lips of the commandant, when a stern voice from a person who stood a short distance apart, closely muffled up, gave the command to *recover arms*.

So sudden was the order, that every eye was turned to the person who had thus dared unceremoniously to countermand an order so important an occasion.

"Order that man under arrest," said Col. Lavillier.

As the person approached rapidly to where he stood, throwing the cloak from his face, the astonished officer beheld in him Field Officer McDonald.

"Will Col. Lavillier inform me for what crime the culprit suffers?"

"For an attempt on my life with a pistol," was the answer.

"Are you sure he is the guilty one?"

"Yes."

"Will you not pardon him?"

"It has been decided by court martial that he shall die."

"Still you have the same power to pardon him."

"I decline all interference in the course of justice," said he.

"I do not," said McDonald, "therefore I stop the execution. Anthony Martel is not guilty."

"May I ask your excellency who is the guilty one," asked Lavillier with an uneasy air.

"I am," said McDonald.

"Will you please to explain to me this mystery?"

"I will. Having business of importance with you on the evening of the assault, I called at your headquarters, and found you not. On enquiry I learned the direction you had taken, and followed in pursuit. Finding that you had entered Cadeline's cottage, I arrived just in time to be an unobserved witness of your villainy, and the ball, which only shattered your arm, was fired by me, and had it not been for endangering the life of the girl, it should have reached your heart. Col. Martel, I greet you in behalf of your Emperor, to whom I have related your case, and who has been pleased to confer this title and honor upon you. Col. Lavillier, your sword; henceforth you are no longer an officer in the grand army, and now take Martel's place, and receive the guns that, a moment since, were aimed at the breast of an innocent man."

Every heart beat with joy at this sudden change. Poor Lavillier, trembling with fear and shame, was led to the red flag. Again the fearful orders were given, but the heart of the culprit sank within him, and he implored for mercy.

"How can you ask for that which but a few moments since you refused an innocent man?"

"I own my fault," was the reply.

"Then I refer you to Col. Martel, who has full power to pardon you or not, as he thinks proper," said McDonald.

"Col. Martel," said the disgraced officer, "dare I hope for mercy?"

"I grant you a full and unconditional pardon. You are at liberty," was the willing reply of Martel, "and do not forget to show mercy that you may receive the same."

By this time Cadeline heard the glad tidings, which spread rapidly through the camp, and hastily returning, she was in his warm embrace. That day was a glorious day to the regiment, and there was a grand celebration given in honor of Field Marshal MacDonald and Col. Martel.

In the course of a few weeks after this event, the church at Visselle overflowed with those who assembled to witness the nuptials of Martel and his lovely bride, Cadeline Dupree. And many were the little presents and keepsakes that the happy pair received from the regiment, who loved their brave and generous commander.

**General Miscellany.**

**Neglect of the Elective Franchise.**

If an intelligent foreigner were told that an election was pending in the greatest of the States of the Union, in these times of our national perils, for officers whose voice would be potential in the affairs of the State, and for a Legislature which would determine the relations of the Commonwealth to the National Government—if he should learn, moreover, that one set of candidates represented the unconditional loyalty of the electors as above and beyond every other political consideration, and that the other set of candidates embodied the idea that a party organization is to be maintained at all hazards to the Union, and that a distinguished and representative supporter of these latter candidates had publicly stated a contingency in which the Republic should be suffered to dissolve into fragments—such an outside observer would anticipate that the electors, glowing with patriotic ardor, would demonstrate their devotion to the Union, if not by noisy proclamations, by the still small voice of the ballot-box. He would suppose that the deep sense of the value of our institutions would call out every citizen; that those unfamiliar with the polls would be zealous and persistent in endeavoring to give decided and unanimous expression to the love of country which burns within all breasts.

Were the foreign observer whom we have supposed, to be told on the contrary, this election, conducted in the presence of the Rebellion, and having no little bearing on the relations of this great State to the Rebellion and to the Government, excited less interest than any that had occurred for years; that many men heretofore active remained wholly aloof from the polls; that in the cities and villages, and indeed generally, the most wealthy and the best educated, and those who most aspire to direct the popular mind, hardly remembered it was election day, and kept as far away from the ballot-box as if it were the box of Pandora; were he to know the most effective workers in controlling votes were aspirants for petty local offices, and persons of less than the average education and social position—could he form a very high idea of the patriotism of our citizens, or predict a very bright future for free institutions dependent upon the fidelity and strength of the people of New York?

It is now more than ever, a sad thing to perceive how the elective franchise is neglected. That our institutions are threatened with subversions; that the national existence is imperiled; that everything dear and honorable to a people is in danger of being snatched away from us, are facts not controverted. That the election just closed has a direct and important bearing in strengthening the Government or in encouraging the Rebellion, both parties have truly insisted. Yet a very great class of our population—and it is no derogation of others to say, the best classes, too—the most intelligent and the most substantial—have by their acts pronounced it no concern of theirs, have not given it the attention they would bestow upon a town fair, a balloon ascension, or a common visit of social formality.

Is this a dry rot eating out the heart of our liberty, preparing us for submission to whomsoever is bold enough to put his foot upon our neck? There is certainly a point beyond which this neglect of the elective franchise can not go, without overturning our whole system of government. It is an abdication of political power in favor of those who choose to exercise it. It does not give us an aristocracy, bad as that would be. It hands the reins of authority over to the idliest and the noisiest and the most vicious. It is a question how much

farther we may go in this direction without utter shipwreck. The evil is calculated to alarm every one who, observing facts, looks to their consequences. The neglect of one elector impels another to neglect to vote; so the evil grows. Whether it is to spread till the vitality of our liberty is destroyed, or whether our citizens will at some time be aroused to their responsibilities, does not now seem clear. Fear whispers the former; hope insists that the latter will be the case.—*New York paper.*

**The Contraband Element.**

A reporter relates the following incident of the capture of Port Royal:

As soon as the negro slaves observed us coming on shore they flocked along the banks in great numbers, some bearing parcels and bundles as if expecting us to take them at once to a home of freedom. Every variety of negro and slave was represented. I say negro and slave, for it is a melancholy fact that some slaves are apparently as white as their masters, and as intelligent. Darkies of genuine Congo physique, and darkies of the genuine Uncle Tom pattern, darkies young and jubilant, darkies middle-aged and eager, and gray-haired solemn-looking fellows. Some appeared mystified, some intelligent. The quadron and the octoon, possessing an undistinguishable tint of negro blood mingled one drop with seven of southern nativity and ancient family, formed, to speak mildly, an interesting scene.

As fast as the contraband article came within reach, it was placed in the guard house, an old frame building behind Fort Walker. Here quite a collection was made. They were huddling together half in fear and half in hope, when a naval officer of the Beineville looked in upon them asking, "Well, what are you all about?"

"Dat is just what we would like to find out, mas'r," was the response.

The officer assured them that they would be kindly taken care of, and perhaps found something to do, and need not be alarmed.

"Thank God for dat, mas'r," was the reply. On drawing them into conversation, they said that they caught a great deal of fish in Port Royal harbor, fishing at night, after the plantation work was done. Two slaves were found reconnoitering about on their own account, and on being brought into camp, explained that they belonged to Mrs. Pinckney of Charleston, and came down to see what de white people were all about."

They said that the white people all ran when the ships came up, crying, "Great God! Great God! Great God! The Yankees are coming; fire the boats!" Other slaves reported that "when de white folks see de little boats coming up, dey laffed at dem, but when dey see de big eckersided vessels coming, dey laffed an de oder side der moufs."

**The London Times on General McClellan.**

The following is from a recent editorial in the London Times:

It is said now that among the political people, as well as in the mercantile world, there is a great anxiety for another battle. General McClellan is urged almost as much as General Scott was three months before. To do the General justice, he is indefatigable in his efforts to avoid another Bull Run. Our correspondent details the reviews and inspections which take place, and makes one estimate highly the personal qualities of the commander. It is his duty to achieve a great work, for which he has plentiful materials, lacking only time to fashion them. These American recruits, with their strength of body, their intelligence, and the docility which they have, on the whole, displayed, are men whom Napoleon would have been glad to have under his orders, but whom Napoleon could not make into soldiers in three months without officers to help him, and with the gloom of a late defeat to depress the soldier's spirits. By incessant exertions, however, this vast mass has received something like organization. It shows fairly on parade, and may possibly go through some of the duties of actual warfare creditably enough. But military men know, and even the American public seems too feel, that it is not yet an army. The material of war it possesses in abundance; the artillery seems to be excellent, and a lavish expenditure has provided tents and clothing, which are probably far superior to those of the enemy.

**AFTER THE TRAITORS.**—We are happy to see that the loyal citizens of Kentucky are in chase of the traitors. The grand jury in session at Frankfort, Kentucky, adjourned on the 13th inst., having found indictments for treason against thirty-two prominent citizens, among whom were mentioned Robert J. Breckinridge Jr., John C. Breckinridge, Humphrey Marshall, Benjamin Desha and Henry T. Hawkins. Nineteen persons were also indicted for high misdemeanor.

**Rev. W. S. Balch, of Ludlow,** has introduced a bill into the Vermont Legislature which confiscates all intoxicating liquors brought into the State of Vermont. All packages of liquors found in the hands of railroad corporations, or other common carriers, are to be seized by the government. If pure, it goes to town agents, if impure, it is destroyed. This is the most stringent prohibitory law ever introduced and there is a prospect of its being passed.

**Scott's Opinion of Northern Soldiers.**

The bravery of Southern soldiers is to be questioned—on every field where they have been called upon to defend our country's honor, they have added lustre to the American name; but there are radical differences between the Northern and Southern soldier, which were very well illustrated by Gen. Scott, in a recent conversation with the writer. We incidentally mentioned that the prevailing Southern idea was, that the Yankees were cowardly, and that one Southern man was physically equal to at least five Northern men, which the old hero replied, that in the course of his long military career, he had seen much of both Northern and Southern soldiers, that he knew them well, and understood their relative value—that the Southern soldier was brave, impetuous, petulant and reckless; and that these qualities enabled them to make a splendid charge, and so long as the tide of battle was in their favor they kept up their impetuosity, until they were exhausted, which would soon happen. But when they were repulsed, and the tide set against them, all their nervous energy disappeared, and retreat or panic would necessarily occur. The Northern soldier, he said, was equally brave, but it was a higher order of bravery—they were cool, calculating, indomitable, steadfast, energetic and enduring, and to all this they added a great amount of individual intelligence and self respect; and when upon the battle field their reverses only nerved their arms for increased effort, and that, take them all together, the Northern Soldiers were the Best in the World.

**Soldiers Murdered at Richmond.**

By two or three arrivals from Richmond, the public have received accounts of Union prisoners being shot for the grave offense of looking out of their prison windows. These reports are confirmed by the Richmond papers, so far, at least, as one of them is concerned, and we suspect the half has not been told. The Richmond *Inquirer* gives the following brutal and heartless account of one of these cowardly murders, the victim being a New York soldier:

A Yankee prisoner, named N. C. B., a member of the 79th New York Regiment, confined in the lower prison, near Richmond, was shot and instantly killed, about one o'clock on Saturday morning, by one of the sentinels who kept watch over the building. The latter observing the Yankee to approach the window in a suspicious manner, as if contemplating an escape, ordered him away several times. To these repeated commands, the prisoner returned an insolent and defiant refusal, and the sentinel finally leveled his musket and fired. The ball struck the Lincoln in the stomach, inflicting a terrible wound, which terminated his life in a very few moments. The sentinel has not only been exempted from all blame in the matter, but has received the applause of the proper military authorities for the prompt and decisive conduct in carrying out his instructions. The unfortunate Yankee was buried during the evening in the burial ground at the foot of Third street, set apart for the use of the Federals who may shall find their mortal coil in this locality.

**From the Special of the London Times.**

Russell, the John Bull correspondent, has last begins to get through his milder and puerile skull some idea of the objects and meaning of the present war. He writes:

The idea of the Union is, in plain English, the idea of one sole dominant power on the whole Continent of North America. And if I were a native of the United States of North America, I would fight with that idea. The contrary notion would spread rapidly if the South succeeded. Already we hear a Gulf Republic, and a Texan Confederation spoken of; how much there was talk of a party in California anxious for a separate national existence; that State, which will probably increase in its isolation, and the United States will give it no more of the national property in roads, express and postal expenses. And now there are hints that in the fullness of time the States in the West and Northwest may think it expedient to form a Republic of their own, inasmuch as they have no particular interests in common with the Eastern States, and derive no special advantage from being governed at Washington.

**The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press** says: "I understand that Mr. Buchanan does not come to the fact that he is preparing to launch a thunderbolt upon the country, either before or after his death, in the shape of a letter of his own time and a vindication of his Administration. In this great work he is assisted by ex-Attorney General Black, who spends most of his time in this city, as his late private secretary, Adam J. Glassebrenner. Both of these persons have paid a recent visit to Wheatland; Mr. Glassebrenner is the more active lecturer and compiler of the materials for the forthcoming brochure."

**The Hudson Gazette** tells of a little four year old girl, who, while repeating a catechism at her mother's knee, repeated in answer to the question, "What did God create?" "The Earth, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars—and the Stripes!"